

SYNOPSIS.

-13-

The chief characters are Ethei Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charlie Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel. a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that ne has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain fledmond. Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame de Lorde. She begins to work with a French spy. The Germans appear at the inn. Madame de Lorde shows a German secret service medal and coavinces the invaders that she is a German spy. Charlie Brown barely escapes execution. The secret telephone is discovered and Christophe is shot as a spy. Brown is ordered back to Brussels. The chief characters are Ethel Wil-

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

"Sny good-by to old Christophe for me!" he enjoined them. "Tell him I'm sorry I didn't get his chicken dinner, but better luck next time!" He held his hand out to the major. But handshaking fell outside German military etiquette, Major von Brenig saluted, directly."

"I may warn you," Major von Brenig cautioned the American, "I may warn you that if you are found off the road to Brussels the consequences will be serious."

"In fact, you will be shot, my friend," Streetman said, to make the matter entirely clear. And he appeared not at ell uneasy over the contingency. In fact, he impressed Charlie Brown as being irritatingly cheerful.

"I know you hope for the best," Brown told him. He could not deny himself that passing retort. "But don't worry," he told the major. "I won't miss Brussels road. And, Streetman, if you ever come to America, look me up! I'll give you one good time!"

"I fear he will never get to Brussels," von Brenig said somewhat pensively, after Charlie had gone. Certainly he wished the American no fil luck. But he knew that not all officers whom he might meet would prove to be Columbia men.

"It is his own risk," Streetman said. "He did not have to come here. Now, major, there may be other spies. Would it not be best to replace the telephone and put a secret guard around this room? Then if anyone else comes to the telephone, we shall

The scheme appealed to Major von firenig. Accordingly, they had or when they come back I'll do the best I dered the man Otto to return the instrument to its hiding place. And sta- Come!" . . . He started for the watch of the fireplace, and yet not be hide her, when his foot caught on seen by anyone who entered the room, something-it was the padlock that they instructed Lieutenant Baum to was pushed through the hasp of the arrest the first person who approached trapdoor of the wine cellar-and he the telephone.

"Report to me at once, in such an

event," the major said. "If necessary, shoot before any message can be sent," Streetman told him. The man from the Wilhelmstrasse then hurried away to see General Freund, promising to return to join the

CHAPTER XVIII

major and Captain Karl at dinner.

Death Hovers Near Ethel.

Ever since she succeeded in inveigling Lieutenant Baum into revealing to her the secret of the fork in the road, Ethel had waited her opportunity to telephone the news to the French front It seemed to her that the German intruders would never leave the public room, even for five minutes. Meanwhile she had hovered near. And at last she was convinced that the coast was clear.

Cautiously she opened the door and peered inside. She saw no one. So she stepped into the room. For just a few moments she hesitated, to assure herself that there was a lull in the move ments of the enemy. Apparently they had withdrawn to spruce themselves up after their long march.

She nerved herself to her task. She stole to the fireplace, glanced over her shoulder for one last hurried survey of the room, and reached her bend out for the instrument. She had barely taken it up when she heard the command-

"Halt!" Ethel turned. To her startled eyes the room seemed suddenly full of soldiers. And giving a little cry, she dropped the telephone upon the floor. Lieutenant Baum confronted her

"You are a spy for the French!" he

"No, no! Let me explain!"

He ignored her protest. "Load!" He snapped out the order to his men. And as they obeyed Ethel cried:

"No, no, no! For God's sake don't short me like that!" Trembling, she been closed. "You want to hide me stood there, while they covered her there?" with their rifles.

Then another cry of "Halt!" rang from the doorway. It was Larry Redmond who interrupted the grim busi- find her in the end.

"Sieutenant Baum turned to him in they'd search," he replied. He pulled

surprise, while the German soldiers lowered their guns and saluted. "What are you doing?" Larry de-

manded. "A spy for the French!" Baum ex-

plained somewhat peevishly. "A spy for the French, eh?" Larry said as he drew nearer. "Frauleinhe began. And then he stopped short. He had not recognized Ethel at first, for ther back was toward the door. But now they gazed at each other in amazement. "A spy, ch?" Larry repeated. "What makes you think so?"

"She went to use that telephone. It leads to the French," the lieutenant sald.

"Excellent, excellent!" Larry told him. "But-I shall hvestigate this matter."

"But Major von Brenig-" Baum be-Larry brought him up sharply.

"I am your superior officer!" he reminded the lieutenant. And at that the other saluted. "In ten minutes," Larry continued, "you will report to Major von Brenig that you captured the spy -that she is here in my charge, and will he be kind enough to come here

"Yes, Herr Captain!" "In ten minutes, lieutenant! . . It is for the fatherland!"

"Ten minutes!" Baum replied. And once more he saluted. At a sign from Baum the soldiers

withdrew, with the lieutenant leading Larry waited till the last man was out of the room and the doors had closed behind them. Then he sprang

to Ethel's side. "Ethel! They caught you at the

telephone?" he cried. "Yes!" That was all she could say,

as she faced him pitifully. "Then they knew; and 'twas a trap

set for you?" "Oh, Larry, what will happen to

He tried to calm her fears. "There, there, my darling-no more

harm shall come to you!" Already his active mind was formu-

lating a plan for her relief. "But what are we to do?" she asked. She felt helpless, incompetent to act,

to devise any means for saving herself from the fate that hung over her. "Now, my dear, since they know rou're a spy there's no great chance for you to escape through their lines,"

he said. "So for the moment, go into that room-" he pointed out a door to her-"go in there, lock the door, and can with a bit of explainin'. . .

door of the room where he meant to tripped and all but fell "Sure, trippin's a bad sign," he exclaimed. "I'll not be married this year. I-" He paused as a thought struck him-an inspiration,



"For God's Sake, Don't Shoot Me Like That."

it seemed. And for a brief instant he looked down at the contrivance at his his dismay he heard someone at the

"What is it?" Ethel inquired. "My dear, the wine cellar-quick! the girl.

It's a great chance!" "What do you mean?" she asked up the trapdoor. The padlock had not than Henry Streetman,

thought of descending into that dark "Halt!" out. This time the command came hole. It seemed to her that once she sought that shelter they would surely

"No, no! 'Twould be the first place

a flashlight from his pocket and crept down the steps as he talked, "Wait!" he said. And in another moment he had so placed the light at the cost of the stairs that its beams shorupward through the opening. "That's it, that's it!" he exclaimed delightedly. He was still standing upon the celar floor. "The light's shining in your fact! Look! Can you see me?" he asked.

"No, no! The light blinds me. can't see you at all!" she tolc him. He came up quickly then.

"Good-good! Now listen If somebody peeked down there wouldn't they think a desperate wom-an was standing at the foot of these stairs waitin' to shout the first man

Ethel stood there in the glass of the flashlight had listened to his flans. "Yes-yes-I believe they would," she admitted, beginning to unlerstand

who tried to come down?"

his scheme. "And that's what we've got to make them believe. Now, hasten, larlin'hasten! . . . "Tis best here!" He led her behind the cigar courter, for he had suddenly abandoned he previ-ous notion of concealing her in the adjoining room. "Go and hide" he directed. And she crouched lo in the shadow of the counter. "Ahl God is good to the Irish!" he exulted. "Have you a revolver?"

"Yes, Larry!" She produced a small, nickeled weapon.

He took it from her.

"Tis rather a toy," he said "But I suppose it will shoot. Then on't let the sound of a shot frighten ou into screaming. I've got to give myself a bit of a flesh wound just in the hand." "No, no!" she exclaimed in increased alarm.

he said. "As soon as I shoot, duck and hide. . . . Now he hide. . .

He shot himself in the right hand, then handed the revolver back to Ethel, who immediately huddled belief the counter. Then Larry banged the trapdoor shut. And backing away from it, he waited for the men who as he knew would soon come running in. In another moment they burst upon

him. "Herr captain-you are w unded!"

Lieutenant Baum cried. "'Tis nothing," Larry replied. And

he proceeded to bandage his bloody hand with a handkerchief. Others joined the startled knot of Germans-among the newcomers, Ma-

jor von Brenig. "The spy-the woman spy-where is she?" he asked.

Larry told him that the woman had escaped.

The major swore roundly at hat. And then Larry explained that she had suddenly produced a revolver and shot him. "Before I could draw my own revolver she'd got away," he said. "She raised the trapdoor at went "She raised the trapdoor at went down there," he continued, politing to the floor.

The major remembered that was no outlet to the wine celland And secttation he raised th door, to face a blinding burst of light. He backed away quickly.

"What the devil!" he shouted And at the same time Larry him to be careful.

"She must have one of our pocket flashlights," he said. "What a target it made of you major! And in the t made of you, major! dark you could not see her, could you?" "No!" von Brenig admitted. "And she can pick off our men one by one "And

as they go down unless we rush her." Larry closed the door quickly. "If I may make so bold as to suggest-" he began; and seeing that the major gave him permission to continue

he said, "If there is no way out of the cellar save that, why waste our men when all we need is to leave her there to starve-till there's no fight in her?" "Why not leave her there ferever?"

on Brenig asked. He was, above everything, a practical man. "'Tis better still—'tis a just fate for

a spy," Larry agreed. "Baum-run a bayonet through the

hasp!" the major ordered. The padlock had fallen into the celiar unheeded when Larry first opened the trap. "Later you will make the fastening permanent," von Brenig sald.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Surprise for Streetm Well satisfied at the happy termina tion of the episode, the major and his men retired once more. And Larry now found himself alone in the room, except for a telephone sergeant who stationed himself at the field instrument which he had placed upon a table when the Germans first reached the Lion d'Or. At least, there were no others present so far as the sergeant knew. In their consuming interest in that trapdoor, not one of the invaders had noticed Ethel as she croudled behind the cigar counter. Ordered by Larry to leave, the ser-

geant explained that Major von Brenig was expecting a message. " Lar

"Come back in fifteen minute ry ordered. "I will take any messages." The fellow had no sooner go e rhan Larry started for the cigar counter. "Well, my darlin', so far so good!" he said in a low voice. And then to

street door. "Ssh! Don't get up yet! Someone is coming!" Larry warned

To his immense alarm and consternation, as the door swung open he saw wonderingly. He had already pulled that this latest arrival was no other

They saluted. And as a wave of rec ognition swept across Streetman's Somehow, she shrank from the he whipped out his revolver and cried, "What the devil do you mean?"

Larry cried. Streetman regarded him cooll, "Well, Captain Redmond!" he said.

"Well, Herr Strassman!"

"We meet under somewhat different circumstances from that night in the noonlight on Unter den Linden," treetman observed.

"Yes, quite different!" was the almost jaunty response

"Then you were in the English army. Now, Captain Redmond, you wear a German uniform."

"And 'tis a good fit, too, for German clothes," Larry replied.

But the other was in no good mood for banter.

"That night I gave you your life," he proceeded. "Now I must take it back again. Before I call my men have you anything to say?" "Not a word?" Larry defied him.

"You have no message to send—the girl you told me of?"

"I believe she can hear me when I say that I love her and pray the good God to keep her safe and free from harm," the Irishman told him in all truth. He was serious now, was Cap-



Streetman Wheeled About in Amaze ment.

tain Redmond. Indeed, he saw that he was in a devilish tight hole. And rack his brains as he would, he could think of no way out.

Larry was right. The girl he loved did hear him. Before Streetman had said another word, Ethel leaped from behind the cigar counter with her re volver leveled at Streetman.

"Hands up! Hands up-or I'll kill you!" she cried.

Streetman wheeled about in amazement. And before he could collect his scattered wits Captain Redmond had wrested the German spy's revolver from him.

"Ethel, my dear, you shouldn't have mixed up in this," Larry reproved her. Streetman heard him with increasing wonder.

"'My dear!" he repeated after Larry. "Then you know Captain Redmond?" exclaimed, searching Ethel's face for the information he only now began to suspect.

"I do," she told him unflinchingly. He saw everything clearly at last. "Then, by God! You're the English-

man she loved!" he exclaimed as he turned to Larry. Ethel did not wait for Captain Red-

mond to answer. "Yes, yes, I love him!" she confessed shamelessly. "I've always loved room.

"Then you lied to me when you said you hated him," Streetman accused "You lied when you said you wanted to work against the Englishyou lied!" He was like a madman, as

he realized how she had tricked him. "I lied-yes!" she confessed. "I lied, too, when I said the English fleet had dispersed. It hadn't. It went to the Kiel canal. I've lied to you every minute-every minute since we left for

Brussels.' "You said the man you married was a German spy-" Larry reminded Ethel. "But you can't be her husband," he told Streetman. "I met your wife in Berlin,"

Streetman speered. "Her husband? . . what she told you! That's good!" He even laughed at the thought, in spite of the menacing revolver that Captain

Redmond pointed at him. "Henry! Henry!" Ethel's boldness had forsaken her now.

She could not bear to hear such things said-and before Larry, of all men. "I don't understand," Captain Red-

mond said slowly. "Then let me explain-since you and she are in love. It may be of some interest for you to know, Captain Red-

mond." Streetman could scarcely have prayed for more complete revenge than this. "Oh, don't! Don't!" Ethel entreated.

But Streetman continued ruthlessly. "This lady," he said, "this lady has the honor to be-"

"Don't say it, you dog!" Larry warned him. And his finger curled caressingly about the trigger of the revolver. "No, no! It isn't true! Don't be-

lieve him!" Ethel urged. "I thought I was married honestly-truly married. . I loathe him. I despise him. . . You do believe me? Oh, say that you do-please!"

"Of course, my dear, I love you!" Larry said quietly, as if that were reason enough and more for his complete trust in her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEDDER BEREIN A CHILD SHALL LEAD

By ETHEL HOLMES.

Mrs. and Mr. Van Winkle were preparing for breakfast. They were rich, the Van Winkles; in fact, they had never known a time when they had not been rich. There was one thing, however, which money could not buy for William Van Winkle, and that was good health for his dearly loved wife. In order to give her every advantage they lived almost entirely at their beautiful country home, where she could spend

her entire time in the fresh air. Then, too, Mr. Van Winkle and his wife were very ford of country life, and devoted much of their time to the cultivation of rare flowers and fruits. Their roses were the finest in the countryside, and every morning his wife found beside her plate at breakfast fresh flowers.

On this especial morning early in June not only were magnificent roses waiting for her at her place at the table but some of the finest and most luscious strawberries from their own garden. The breakfast table was set in the pagoda, which at this time in the year was covered by a mass of roses, in full bloom. As Mr. Van Winkle entered the pagoda the butler reported that the strawberries had been stolen from the table while the maids were indoors.

"These brats who live about here!" Mr. Van Winkle exclaimed. "Let me know if it happens again, John, and we'll catch the thieves, even if I have to hire special detectives for the pur-

The next morning as Mr. Van Winkle was returning to the house from a walk before breakfast he espled the figure of a child some distance away darting through a grove of trees. In a moment the stolen berries came to his mind and he made a dash in the direction of the flying figure. He soon caught up with a little girl just as she was outside his hedge and close to the door of a nearby dilapidated house, which was evidently her home.

"Stop, you little thief." The child came back, and in a pite-

ous voice said: "Please, sir, don't let mother hear; she's sick and can't eat the food we have. Good food costs too much now. I thought these berries would help make her eat."

"Where is your father?" asked Mr.

Van Winkle. "Father died last winter." "Who supports you and your

mother?" "I have a big brother; fifteen; he earns six dollars a week; but somehow there never seems enough to get mother nice little things to eat." There was a piteous look of distress on the thin.

pale face. "How old are you?"

"Nine and a half, sir." "Come up to the house every morning and I will leave orders with the

gardener to give you fresh berries for

your mother, and cream as well." Mr. Van Winkle had always been a hard man to the poor. Born rich himerty as of an entirely different species from himself, devoid of the same feelings as the rich. He had once sent a poor man to prison for a small theft and felt that he had shown himself an unusually good citizen by so doing. This morning he had the awakening of his life. Was not the mother of his own children delicate? On reaching

home he went upstairs to his wife's "Louise," he said, "you know that strawberries were stolen from the breakfast table yesterday morning. It happened again this morning and I caught the thief."

"Oh! I am sorry for that: I wish he had escaped What did you do with him?"

"The thief was a little girl about : year older than our Ruth. What I did with her was to tell her to come every morning and fresh berries would be given to her."

"Oh! how I love you for that," cried his wife. "Do tell me about it." By the time the story was told there

were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Van Winkle. Her husband seeing her distress and for the first time harboring a similar feeling, told her that he would provide ample funds with which she could provide for the little girl and her sick mother while he would look

out for the boy himself. "If I find him to be a promising lad," he continued, "I can easily place him in a position where he will have a

chance to rise." The next spring Mrs. Van Winkle was much improved, and the woman she and her husband had helped had entirely recovered. One morning the little girl appeared at the Van Winkle breakfast room, a tiny bunch of wild wood violets in her hand, which she held out to Mrs. Van Winkle and said:

"They're the first of the season; I picked them for you.' The woman took the child in her arms.

Haw, Haw!

"It says here that there is enough phosphate in a man's body to make 8,000 boxes of matches," said Mr. Grabb, as he looked up from his news-

"Maybe that's the reason why he is always flaring up," responded Mrs Grabb.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

> Consistent "How did you happen to drop out

of the 'Don't Worry Club'?" "I was too good a member. I re fused to worry even about any dues."

Back Lame and Achy

There's little peace when

An Ohio Case

DOAN'S HIDNET
DOSTER-MILEURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Inner Requirements.

"Mister, have yer got any ol' duds yer don't want?" "No; but I've an old automobile you

may have." "Tanks, but I got ernough trouble supplyin' me own innards widout beggin' gasoline from door to door."-Boston Transcript.

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son. "I have as many troubles as you." "I s'pose ye have, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got anything

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver. bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

Accounting for It.

"What makes the old fellow over there such a croker?" "He told me he had a frog in his throat."

Unexpected Frankness. Visitor-"How many men are studying at Lehigh?" Host '18-"Oh! Not half of them."-Lehigh Burr.

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring. Adv. With a man an effort must have its

cause; with a woman it must have its

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